Of your name, or his ſcape. *Enter* 2. *Friend.*

Iay. Pray heaven it hold ſo.

2. *Fr.* Be of good comfort man; I bring you newes,
Good newes.

Iay. They are welcome,

2. *Fr.* *Palamon* has cleerd you,
And got your pardon, and diſcoverd (Daughters,
How, and by whoſe meanes he eſcapt, which was your
Whoſe pardon is procurd too, and the Priſoner
Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,
Has given a ſumme of money to her Marriage,
A large one ile aſſure you.

Iay. Ye are a good man
And ever bring good newes.

1. *Fr.* How was it ended?

2. *Fr.* Why, as it ſhould be; they that nev'r begd
But they prevaild, had their ſuites fairely granted,
The priſoners have their lives.

1. *Fr.* I knew t'would be ſo.

2. *Fr.* But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of
At better time.

Iay. I hope they are good.

2. *Fr.* They are honourable,
How good they'l prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1. *Fr.* T'will be knowne.

Woo. Alas Sir, wher's your Daughter?

Iay. Why doe you aske?

Woo. O Sir when did you ſee her?

2. *Fr.* How he lookes?

Iay. This morning. (ſhe ſleepe?

Woo. Was ſhe well? was ſhe in health? Sir, when did

1. *Fr.* Theſe are ſtrange Queſtions.

Iay, I doe not thinke ſhe was very well, for now
You make me minde her, but this very day
I ask'd her queſtions, and ſhe anſwered me
So farre from what ſhe was, ſo childiſhly.
So fillily, as if ſhe were a foole,

An

An Inocent, and I was very angr
But what of her Sir?

Woo. Nothing but my pitty;
As by an other that leſſe loves

Iay. Well Sir.

1. *Fr.* Not right?

2. *Fr.* Not well? ——— *W*

Woo. Tis too true, ſhe is ma

1. *Fr.* It cannot be.

Woo. Beleeve you'l finde i

Iay. I halfe ſuſpected
What you told me: the gods
Either this was her love to *P*
Or feare of my miſcarrying
Or both.

Woo. Tis likely.

Iay. But why all this haſte

Woo. Ile tell you quickly. A
In the great Lake that lies be
From the far ſhore, thicke ſe
As patiently I was attending
I heard a voyce, a ſhrill one, a
I gave my eare, when I migh
T'was one that ſung, and by t
A boy or woman. I then left
To his owne skill, came neer
Who made the ſound; the r
Had ſo encompaſt it: I laid
And liſtned to the words ſhe
Through a ſmall glade cut b
I ſaw it was your Daughter.

Iay. Pray goe on Sir?

Woo. She ſung much, bu
Repeat this often. *Palamon* i
Is gone to'th wood to gathe
Ile finde him out to morrow

1. *Fr.* Pretty ſoule.

Woo. His ſhackles will be

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsman* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY